

Briny Deep

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Summary: Sillyfic. A strange quartet is stuck on a raft in the middle of the Ocean. . .

Briny Deep

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Standard disclaimers apply. I don't own 'em.

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This is a sillyfic. It is not serious. The plot here is negligible. SILLYFIC. Rated PG for language and vague allusions to naughtiness.

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Thanks to: God for getting me through these last two months of school (they're killin' me); Alicia and Indigo for the help with deciding which characters to use; Staff for betaing; and various sundry others for help with the insults. :) It's much appreciated, all.

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Briny Deep

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"Well, this is another fine mess you've gotten us into." Domino sighed, leaning over the side of the raft to dip her fingers in the sea, watching the clear blue water ripple as the bright orange raft drifted aimlessly somewhere in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

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"Me? As I recall, I wasn't the one who was supposed to get us clearance through Balucialindan airspace," Cable muttered through clenched teeth. He sat across the raft from his companions so as to

not tip the raft over from too much weight, massive arms and legs crossed to conserve space. Silver hair spiked with sea spray stood on all ends, and his face had a decidedly green pallor.

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"I *said* I was sorry, all right? I don't understand what could have happened. . . Javier's never let me down before. And besides, it's not *my* fault that Senor Asshole here had to pull his witty banter schtick in the background and tip off the pilot that we were within twelve miles of his stupid little backwater island," Domino snapped irritably, pushing a lock of sticky hair under the hood that shaded albino skin from the searing afternoon sun.

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"Yeah, well, I remember when *you* used to have a sense of humor too, Petey," Wade Wilson growled, his raspy voice sounding distinctively annoyed. The bright pink balled fringe of a huge sodden novelty sombrero bobbed merrily against his masked face as he looked up.

"Besides, it's not my fault that whatever dictator is currently running the island chose to spend his nation's gross national product on a couple of Army surplus F-15s that found your fancy ass plane's Achilles' heel and shot us down before we even got to Madripoor."

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Cable just grunted miserably, too awash in nausea to pay much attention to his former enemy's words. 'What's wrong with me? I've never been sea-sick before in my life. Oath, I wish I hadn't eaten that extra helping of haggis for lunch. . . '

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"Would you all please shut the hell up and while I try to figure out where we're at?" Madelyne Pryor snapped, staring at the small compass in her hands as if it were a dead rodent. "This is bloody ridiculous. It's all Nathan and I can do to shield us telepathically from those savages until X-Force shows up without being forced to listen to your blabbering."

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"You did tell them where we were, didn't you?" Deadpool asked, and Cable nodded curtly.

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"Close enough. Before the radio died I was able to give Sam our approximate location- with the warning to stay cloaked- and he assured me the team was on its way. Even if we drift away, the emergency beacons in our uniforms should let them track us down. We've got enough food and water in the kit to last us a couple of days, and they should be here soon. There's nothing to worry about. 'Other than the fact that I'm about to empty my insides. . . '

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Domino nodded and pulled the hood further over her face, taking a tiny sip out of the bottled water that had been rationed each person from the emergency kit that came with the raft. Thankfully, Maddie had possessed presence of mind enough to grab the inflatable raft and some meager supplies before they'd been forced to eject. She sighed, glancing at the small pile of waterlogged metal and plastic that was all they'd managed to salvage from the plane before it had sunk to

the bottom of the ocean. The four of them had just barely managed to eject far enough away in time to avoid being sucked under the briny deep by the undertow of the sinking plane. They were fortunate indeed.

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Domino paused, correcting herself. 'Waitaminite. I'm on a raft in the middle of the Ocean with Nate, his wacko mother, and *Deadpool*, of all people. If I get any friggin' luckier, I'll get hit by the last falling piece of Skylab or get eaten by rabid sharks and die an agonizingly slow and painful death.'

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"If only we hadn't lost everything else when the plane went down. . . Damn, that was a lucky shot," Nathan grimaced, remembering the completely unexpected and not at all plot device-like volley of fire that had downed the PACRAT only three hours ago.

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Deadpool leaned back, dangling his legs over the side of the raft. Noticing Cable's bereft expression, he consoled brightly "Ah, buck up, little camper. There's got to be a little rain to make a rainbow.

. . ."

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"I don't see you doing anything that'll make this miserable experience any better," Maddie commented rather snidely.

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"Go to hell. Ooops, forgot. You already have," Deadpool smirked, turning his ruined belt over between his fingers.

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Madelyne glowered, then waved an elegant hand dismissively. "Prick."

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"Bitch," Wilson replied instinctively, toying sadly with the crushed teleportation device in his belt.

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Her eyes fixed on his, an unexpected light glinting in them. "Rotten-faced lecherous simpleminded wanker."

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Deadpool thought for a moment, then snapped his fingers.

"Summers-lovin' clone."

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Madelyne grinned openly. "Which one? Because, you know, there're still one or two cousins I haven't-"

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"Maddie!"

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"Sorry, Nate." An apologetic pause, then she returned her attention to Deadpool. "Two-bit, one trick moron with delusions of adequacy."

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"Brazen strumpet."

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"Limpwristedponce."

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Wilson put down his ruined technology and leered openly. "Are you as turned on as I am?"

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"NO!" Domino and Cable shouted in unison, almost jumping out of their seats, identical looks of dismay on their faces. The raft rocked with the motion, and Cable groaned aloud.

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"On the list of top three images I *never* wanted to run through my mind, that ranks right up there," Domino muttered, lips curled in a disgusted sneer.

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"Madelyne, *please*," Cable implored, a pleading look on his face. "Don't encourage him." His throat spasmed involuntarily, and he fought against the sea-sickness that threatened to make him loose his lunch- and his dignity- right then and there. 'I will *not* puke in front of Deadpool I will *not* puke in front of Deadpool I will not puke-'

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Madelyne just laughed aloud, a sympathetic smile turning up the corners of her lips. "Oh, relax, son. The psychopath and I were just playing a little game. You should try it sometimes. You have entirely too much tension in your life. . ."

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"Just a game? Oh, you astral manifestation of pure psionic energy tease, you." Deadpool grinned.

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"I wish I was," Madelyne sighed ruefully, long red hair billowing in the breeze. "And I never thought I'd say it, but I'm actually sorry I conveniently have a body again. Maybe if I *didn't*, I could actually teleport us out of here."

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Domino looked around the raft, disgusted. "I am stuck on a raft with not one, not two, but *three* teleporters, and all friggin' three of you can't get us out of here. What's wrong with this picture?"

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"Other than the copious lack of ample-bosomed mermaids coming to succor me in my time of need?"

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"Shut *up*, Wilson," Domino growled, then turned to her partner, who was rummaging through the pile of not-quite-debris. "How's it comin', Nate?"

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"If it were coming along any better we'd be dead." Cable grunted sourly.

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"Don't knock it 'til you try it," Deadpool cracked, "Right, 'Mom'?"

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"Is he always like this?" Maddie wondered aloud, wincing a bit at the brightness of the sun. Deadpool noticed, thought for a moment, and then gallantly handed her his travel-stop sombrero. She paused for a moment, considering, and then put it on her head, fingering the tiny felt balls dangling jauntily from its brim and smiling a hesitant thanks. He just smiled.

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"Unfortunately, yes," Cable sighed. "Don't ask. It's a long story."

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"Besides, we needed him on this trip," Domino conceded, inclining her head in his direction. "Much as I hate to admit it, we needed you both on this one because . . ." As she explained precisely why both Deadpool and Maddie's presence was required on this particular trip, the roar of the ocean waves unexpectedly grew so loud that it drowned out her words.

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Deadpool's acute hearing picked it up, however, and, interestingly enough, the waves just as suddenly receded. He leaned forward, raising his arms high above his head in a long stretch. "Are *you* defending *me* now, Petey? Aw, how sweet. Does that mean all is forgiven for our little misunderstanding?"

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Domino drew back, arms crossed coldly over her chest. "Which misunderstanding? Do you mean the time your sleazy ass girlfriend impersonated me for a year or the time you shot me in the back or the time you shaved my cat or any of other numerous times where you double-crossed or cheated me?"

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"Nah, I was talkin' about the time I took pictures of you girls showering a la' Porky's and posted them to the internet. . ."

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Cable's head jerked around to glare menacingly at Deadpool, ignoring the lurching of his stomach. "I thought I told you-"

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"Hey, hey, I'm kidding, big guy," Wilson raised his hands placatingly, palms out. "I swear, stick an 'X' on an uniform and the wearer automatically becomes a stiff."

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"He gets it from his father," Madelyne agreed mildly, munching on a small piece of dried fruit.

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"Speaking of which, Scott's going to freak out when he hears about this," Cable sighed, stomach gurgling with each motion of the waves. "Damn, I wish they'd hurry up and get here. . ."
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"Oh my," Madelyne muttered drolly. "Scott freaking out. I just can't picture that, he handles stress so well. I do suppose there's a first time for everything. . ."

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Domino snickered, but didn't say a word. Cable only moaned under his breath, and clutched his stomach tightly. Several long, peaceful moments of silence passed, with only the breeze on the ocean interrupting the still of the afternoon.

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Deadpool, of course, was the first to interrupt the tranquility. "I just want you all to know, since I'm a good guy now and all, if it comes down to it and we're out here for days and you're all starving to death, you can eat me. I imagine my rump is quite firm and tasty."

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"All right," Maddie agreed. "Sounds good to me. After all, there's nothin' like a good piece of ass."

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This time, even Domino laughed out loud, her clear voice joining in with Deadpool's rumbling chuckling and Maddie's deep contralto to form a cacophony of sound rivaling even that of the ocean.

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Staring at them, hearing his mother's words, Cable's eyes grew large, and his cheeks puffed out involuntarily. With a single fluid movement, he rolled over and leaned over, emptying the contents of his stomach into the sea. After washing out his mouth, he crawled back into the raft and glared at his still-chuckling companions.

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"Don't. Say. A. Word."

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"Wouldn't dream of it, bud," Deadpool leaned back, shaking his head, but Nathan could see the smirk underneath the mask. "Except that. . ."

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As the younger man prattled on, the ceaseless scratchy rhythm punctuated only occasionally by his mother's innuendo or Domino's less frequent but equally wry retorts, Cable put his head in his hands. He could only manage one coherent thought:

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'It's gonna be a long afternoon.'

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fin

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-DuAnn
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Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Not as the world gives, give I unto you. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid. -John 14:27

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End
file.